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THE KING'S PERIL.

If I should see the king go by
With all his retinue,
In broidered robes of red and gold,
And gems of many a hue;
Then would I sigh?
Not I, not I.
No crowned head at peace may lie.

If I should see the king go by,
And he should say to me,
"O friend, 'twere better that you and I
Should alter Fate's decree;
Come, don my robes!"
Not I, not I.
The king's robe is the target's eye.

If I should see the king go by
Along the king's highway,
Methinks that I would rise and cry,
"O king, rejoice to-day,"
For who'll deny—
Not I, not I—
That kings have many ways to die?

—*Kate H. Sherwood.*

DESTINY.

A row of Lombardy poplars stood in front of my great-aunt Gertrude's house, on the bank of the Sheepscot river. In personal appearance my aunt was surprisingly like one of these trees. She was tall, severe in outline, and extremely thin. Her habiliments clung to her. I am sure that had the gods found occasion to impose upon her the fate of Daphne she would have taken her place easily and naturally in the dismal row, as melancholy a poplar as the rest.

A genealogy is a stupid thing. Here is Aunt Gertrude's, reduced to its simplest terms:—

Her great-great-grandmother (1599–1642) was a woman of Holland who married a Puritan refugee, and sailed from Leyden to Plymouth in the ship Ann, in the year of our Lord 1632. This pilgrim mother had a daughter, Aunt Gertrude's great-grandmother (1640–1718). She came to the Eastern District of Massachusetts in the early part of the last century, and was carried off by the Indians in the Penobscot wars. Her daughter (1680–1776) lived to see these colonies free and independent, and contributed to the population of the coming republic not less than nineteen stalwart sons and comely daughters. One of the latter (1735–1802) married a Wiscasset skipper, engaged in the West India trade, with whom she sailed. She was twice wrecked at sea—once on what is now Seguin island and once on San Salvador. It was on San Salvador that Aunt Gertrude was born.

On the first landing of the square stairway of the mansion loomed a tall Dutch clock. The case was more than eight feet high, of a dark red wood, not [illegible] and it was curiously inlaid with silver. No common piece of furniture was this. About a hundred years ago there flourished in the town of Brunswick an horologist named Cary, an industrious and accomplished workman. Few well-to-do houses on that part of the coast lacked a Cary timepiece. But Aunt Gertrude's clock had marked the hours and minutes of two full centuries before the Brunswick artisan was born. It was running when William the Taciturn pierced the dykes to relieve Leyden. The name of the maker, Jan Lipperdam, and the date, 1572, were still legible in broad black letters and figures, reaching quite across the dial. Cary's masterpieces were plebeian and recent beside this ancient aristocrat. The jolly Dutch moon, made to exhibit its phases over a landscape of windmills and polders, was cunningly painted. A skilled hand had carved the grim ornament at the top, a Death's head transfixed by a two-edged sword. Like all timepieces of the sixteenth century, it had no pendulum. A simple Van Wyck escapement governed the descent of the weights to the bottom of the tall case.

But these weights never moved. Year after year when Harry and I returned to Maine we found the hands of the old clock pointing to quarter past three, as they had pointed when we first saw them. The fat moon hung perpetually in the third quarter, as motionless as the Death's head above. There was a mystery about the silenced movement and the paralyzed hands. Aunt Gertrude told us that the works had never performed their functions since a bolt of lightning entered the clock; and she showed us a black hole in the side of the case near the top, with a yawning rift that extended downward for several feet. This explanation failed to satisfy us. It did not account for the sharpness of her refusal when we proposed to bring over the watchmaker from the village, or for her singular agitation once when she found Harry on a step-ladder, with a borrowed key in his hand, about to test for himself the clock's suspended vitality.

One August night, after we had grown out of boyhood, I was awakened by a noise in the hallway. I shook my cousin. "Somebody's in the house," I whispered.

We crept out of our room and on to the stairs. A dim light came from below. We held our breath and noiselessly descended to the second landing. Harry clutched my arm. He pointed down over the banisters, at the same time drawing me back into the shadow.

We saw a strange thing.

Aunt Gertrude stood on a chair in front of the old clock, as spectral in her white night gown and white nightcap as one of the poplars when covered with snow. It chanced that the floor creaked slightly under our feet. She turned with a sudden movement, peering intently into the darkness, and holding a candle high toward us, so that the light was full in her pale face. She looked many years older than when I bade her good night. For a few minutes she was motionless, except in the trembling arm that held aloft the candle. Then, evidently reassured, she placed the light upon a shelf and turned again to the clock.

We now saw the old lady take a key from behind the case and proceed to wind up the weights. We could hear her breath, quick and short. She rested a hand on either side of the case and held her face close to the dial, as if subjecting it to anxious scrutiny. In this attitude she remained for a long time. We heard her utter a sigh of relief, and she half turned toward us for a moment. I shall never forget the expression of wild joy that transfigured her features then.

The hands of the clock were moving; they were moving backward.

Aunt Gertrude put both arms around the clock and pressed her withered cheek against it. She kissed it repeatedly. She caressed it in a hundred ways, as if it had been a living and beloved thing. She fondled it and talked to it, using words which we could hear, but could not understand. The hands continued to move backward.

Then she started back with a sudden cry. The clock had stopped. We saw her tall body swaying for an instant on the chair. She stretched out her arms in a convulsive gesture of terror and despair, wrenched the minute hand to its old place at a quarter past three, and fell heavily to the floor.

II.

Aunt Gertrude's will left me her bank and gas stocks, real estate, milroad bonds, and city sevens, and gave Harry the clock. We thought at the time that this was a very unequal division, the more surprising because my cousin had always seemed to be the favorite. Half in seriousness we made a thorough examination of the ancient timepiece, sounding its wooden case for secret drawers, and even probing the not complicated works with a knitting needle to ascertain if our whimsical relative had bestowed there some codicil or other document changing the aspect of affairs. We discovered nothing.

There was testamentary provision for our education at the University of Leyden. We left the military school in which we had learned a little of the theory of war, and a good deal of the art of standing with our noses over our heels, and took ship without delay. The clock went with us. Before many months it was established in a corner of a room in the Breede straat.

The fabric of Jan Lipperdam's ingenuity, thus restored to its native air, continued to tell the hour of quarter past three with its old fidelity. The author of the clock had been under the sod for nearly three hundred years. The combined skill of his successors in the craft at Leyden could make it go neither forward nor backward.

Outside of our respective studies, we had a common ground of unfailing interest. To our astonishment, we found that not one in twenty of the faculty or students knew or cared a stiver about the glorious history of the town, or even about the circumstances under which the University itself was founded by the Prince of Orange. In marked contrast with the general indifference was the enthusiasm of Prof. Van Stopp, my [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] specialty was [illegible] philosophy.

This distinguished Hegelian was a tobacco-dried little old man, with a skull cap over features that reminded me strangely of Aunt Gertrude's. Had he been her own brother the facial resemblance could not have been closer. I told him so once, when we were together in the Stadthuis looking at the portrait of the hero of the siege, the Burgomaster Van der Werf. The professor laughed. "I will show you what is even a more extraordinary coincidence," said he; and leading the way across the hall to the great picture of the siege, by Wappers, he pointed out the figure of a burgher participating in the defense. It was true. Van Stopp might have been the burgher's son; the burgher might have been Aunt Gertrude's father.

The professor seemed to be fond of us. We often went to his rooms in an old house in the Rapenburg street, one of the few houses remaining that antedate 1574. He would walk with us through the beautiful suburbs of the city, over straight roads lined with poplars that carried us back to the bank of the Sheepscot and kept the image of Aunt Gertrude constantly in our minds. He took us to the top of the ruined Roman tower in the center of the town, and from the same battlements from which anxious eyes three centuries ago had watched the slow approach of Admiral Boisot's fleet over the submerged polders, he pointed out the great dyke of the land-scheidting which was cut that the ocean might bring Boisot's Zealanders to raise the seige and feed the starving. He showed us the head-quarters of the Spaniard Valdez at Leyderdorp, and told us how heaven sent a violent northwest wind on the night of the first of October, piling up the water deep where it had been shallow and sweeping the fleet on between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten up to the very walls of the fort at Lammen, the last stronghold of the besiegers and the last obstacle in the way of succor to the famishing inhabitants. Then he showed us where, on the very night before the retreat of the besieging army, a huge breach was made in the wall of Leyden, near Cow Gate, by the Walloons from Lemmen.

"Why!" cried Harry catching fire from the eloquence of the professor's narrative, "that was the decisive moment of the siege."

The professor said nothing. He stood with his arms folded, looking intently into my cousin's eyes.

"For," continued Harry, "had that point not been watched, or had the defense failed and the breach been carried by the night assault from Lammen, the town would have been burned and the people massacred under the eyes of Admiral Boisot and the fleet of relief. Who defended the breach?"

Van Stopp replied very slowly, as if weighing every word:—

"History records the explosion of the mine under the city wall on the last night of the siege; it does not tell the story of the defense or give the defender's name. Yet no man that ever lived had a more tremendous charge than fate intrusted to this unknown hero. Was it chance that sent him to meet that unexpected danger? Consider some of the consequences had he failed. The fall of Leyden would have destroyed the last hope of the Prince of Orange and of the Free States. The tyranny of Philip would have been reestablished. The birth of religious liberty and of self-government by the people would have been postponed, who knows for how many centuries? Who knows that there would or could have been a republic of the United States of America had there been no United Netherlands? Our university, which has given to the world Grotius, Scaliger, Arminius and Descartes, was founded upon this hero's successful defense of the breach. We owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him your very existence. Your ancestors were of Leyden; between their lives and the butchers outside the walls he stood that night."

The little professor towered before us a giant of enthusiasm and patriotism. Harry's eyes glistened and his cheeks reddened.

"Go home boys," said Van Stopp, "and thank God that while the burghers of Leyden were straining their gaze toward Zoeterwoude and the fleet, there was one pair of vigilant eyes and one stout heart at the town wall just beyond the Cow Gate!"

III.

The rain was splashing against the windows, one evening in the autumn of our third year at Leyden, when Prof. Van Stopp honored us with a visit in the Breede straat. Never had I seen the old gentleman in such spirits. He talked incessantly. The gossip of the town, the news of Europe, science, poetry, philosophy, were in turn touched upon and treated with the same light, half cynical humor. I sought to draw him out on Hegel, with whose chapter on the Infinite Complexity and Interdependency of Things I was just then struggling.

"You do not grasp the return of the Itself into Itself through its Otherself?" he said smiling. "Well, you will, some time."

Harry was silent and preoccupied. His taciturnity gradually affected even the professor. The conversation flagged, and we sat a long while without a word. Now and then there was a flash of lightning succeeded by distant thunder.

"Your clock does not go," suddenly remarked the professor. "Does it never go?"

"Never since we can remember," I replied. "That is, only once, and then it went backward. It was when Aunt Gertrude——"

Here I caught a warning glance from Harry. I blushed, and stammered. "The clock is old and useless. It cannot be made to go."

"Only backward?" said the professor, calmly, and not appearing to notice my embarrassment. "Well, and why should not a clock go backward? Why should not Time itself turn and retrace its course?"

Prof. Van Stopp approached the clock.

"Ah, my children," said he, "there is no fixed progress of human events. Past, present, and future are woven [illegible] mesh. Who shall say that this old clock is not right to go backward?"

A crash of thunder shook the house. The storm was over our heads.

When the binding glare had passed away, Prof. Van Stopp was standing upon a chair before the tall timepiece. His face looked more than ever like Aunt Gertrude's. He stood as he had stood in that last quarter of an hour when we saw her wind the clock.

The same thought struck Harry and myself.

"Hold!" we cried, as he began to wind the works. "It may be death if you—"

The professor's sallow features shone with the strange enthusiasm that had transformed Aunt Gertrude's.

"True," he said, "it may be death; but it may be the awakening. Past, present, future; all woven together! The shuttle goes to and fro, forward and back——"

He had wound the clock. The hands where whirling around the dial from right to left with inconceivable rapidity. In this whirl we ourselves seemed to be borne along. Eternities seemed to contract into minutes while lifetimes were thrown off at every tick. Van Stopp, both arms outstretched, was reeling in his chair. The house shook again under a tremendous peal of thunder. At the same instant a ball of fire, leaving a wake of sulphurous vapor and filling the room with dazzling light, passed over our heads and smote the clock. Van Stopp was prostrated. The hands ceased to revolve.

IV.

The roar of the thunder sounded like heavy cannonading. The lightning's blaze appeared as the steady light of a conflagration. With our hands over our eyes, Harry and I rushed out into the night.

Under a red sky people were hurrying toward the Stadthuis. Flames in the direction of the Roman tower told us that the heart of the town was afire. The faces of those we saw were haggard and pointed. From every side we caught disjointed phrases of complaint or despair. "Horseflesh at ten shillings the pound," said one, "and bread at sixteen shillings." "Bread indeed!" an old woman retorted; "it's eight weeks gone since I have seen a crumb." "My little grandchild, the lame one, went last night." "Do you know what Gekke Betje, the washerwoman, did? She was starving. Her babe died, and she and her man——"

A louder cannonburst cut short the revelation. We made our way on towards the citadel of the town, passing a few soldiers here and there and many burghers with grim faces under their broad-brimmed felt hats.

"There is bread in plenty yonder where the gunpowder is, and full pardon, too. Valdez shot another amnesty over the walls this morning."

An excited crowd immediately surrounded the speaker. "But the fleet!" they cried.

"The fleet is surrounded fast on the Greenway polder. Boisot may turn his one sye seaward for a wind till famine and pestilence have carried off every mother's son of ye, and his arks will not be a rope's length nearer. Death by plague, death by starvation, death by fire and musketry—that is what the burgomaster offers us in return for glory for himself and kingdom for Orange."

"He asks us," said a sturdy citizen, "to hold out only twenty-four hours long, and to pray meanwhile for an ocean wind."

"Ah, yes!" sneered the first speaker. "Pray on. There is bread enough locked in Pieter Adrianszoon Van der Werf's cellar. I warrant you that is what gives him such a terrible stomach for resisting the most Catholic [illegible]."

A young girl with brai[illegible]ow hair, pressed through the [illegible] confronted the malcontent[illegible]od-people," said the maiden, [illegible] not listen to him. He is a traito[illegible] with a Spanish heart. I am Pieter's daughter. We have no bread. We ate malt cakes and mussed and rapeseed like the rest of you till that was gone. Then we stripped the green leaves from the lime trees and willows in our garden and ate them. We have eaten even the thistles and weeds that grew between the stones by the canal. The coward lies."

Nevertheless, the insinuation had its effect. The throng, now become a mob, surged off in the direction of the burgomaster's house. One ruffian raised his hand to strike the girl out of the way. In a wink the cur was under the feet of his fellows, and Harry, panting and glowing, stood at the maiden's side, shouting defiance in good English at the backs of the rapidly retreating crowd.

With the utmost frankness she put both her hands around Harry's neck and kissed him.

"Thank you," she said, you are a hearty lad. My name is Gertrud Van der Werf."

Harry was fumbling in his vocabulary for the proper Dutch phrase, but the girl would not stay for compliments. They mean mischief to my father;" and she hurried us through several exceedingly narrow streets into a three cornered market-place, before a brick church with twin spires. "There he is," she exclaimed, "on the steps of St. Pancras."

There was a tumult in the market-place. The conflagration raging beyond the church and the voices of the Spanish and Walloon cannon outside of the walls were less angry than the roar of this multitude of desperate men clamoring for the bread that a single word from their leader's lips would bring them. "Surrender to the king" they cried, "or we will send your dead body to Lammen as Leyden's token of submission."

One tall man, taller by half a head than any of the burghers confronting him, and so dark of complexion that we wondered how he could be the father of Gertruyd, heard the threat in silence. When the burgomaster spoke, the mob listened in spite of themselves.

"What is it you ask, my friends? That we break our vow and surrender Leyden to the Spaniards? That is to devote ourselves to a fate far more horrible than starvation. I have [illegible] Gert[illegible] keep the oath! Kill [illegible] if you will have it so. I can die [illegible] once, whether by your hands, by the hands of the enemy, or by the hand of God. Let us starve, if we must, welcoming starvation because it comes before dishonor. Your menaces do not move me; my life is at your disposal. Here, take my sword; thrust it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you to appease your hunger. So long as I remain alive expect no surrender."

There was silence again while the mob wavered. Then there were muttering aroound us. Above those rang out the clear voice of the girl whose hand Harry still held—unnecessarily it seemed to me.

"Do you not feel the sea wind? It has come at last. To the Tower! and the first man there will see by moonlight the full white sails of the prince's ships."

For several hours I scoured the streets of the town, seeking in vain for my cousin and his companion; the sudden movement of the crowd toward the Roman tower had separated us. On every side I saw evidences of the terrible chastisement that had brought this stout-hearted people to the verge of despair. A man with hungry eyes chased a lean rat along the bank of the canal. A young mother with two dead babes in her arms, sat in a doorway to which they bore the body of her husband and father, just killed at the walls. In the middle of a deserted street I passed unburied corpses in a pile twice as high as my head. The pestilence had been there—kinder than the Spaniards, because it held out no treacherous promises while it dealt its blows.

Toward morning the wind increased to a gale. There was no sleep in Leyden, no more talk of surrender, no longer any thought or care about defense. These words were on the lips of everybody I met: "Daylight will bring the fleet!"

Did daylight bring the fleet? History says so, but I was not a witness. I know only that before dawn the gale culminated in a violent thunderstorm, and that at the same time a terrific explosion, heavier than the thunder, shook the town. I was in the crowd that watched from the Roman Mound for the first signs of the approaching relief. The concussion shook hope out of every face. "Their mine has reached the wall!" But where? I pressed forward until I found the burgomaster, who was standing among the rest. "Quick!" I whispered. "It is beyond the Cow Gate, and this side of the tower of Burgundy." He gave me a searching glance, and then strode away, without making any attempt to quiet the general panic. I followed close at his heels.

It was a tight run at nearly half a mile to the rampart in question. When we reached the Cow Gate this is what we saw:—

A great gap, where the wall had been, opening to the swampy fields beyond; in the moat, outside and below, a confusion of upturned faces, belonging to men who struggled like demons to achieve the breach, and who now gained a few feet and now were forced back; on the shattered rampart a handful of soldiers and burghers forming a living wall where masonry had failed; perhaps a double handful of women and girls, serving stones to the defenders, and boiling water in buckets, besides pitch and oil and unslaked lime, and some of them quoiting tarred and burning hoops over the necks of the Spaniards in the moat; my cousin Harry leading and directing the men; the burgomaster's daughter Gertruyd encouraging and inspiring the women.

But what attracted my attention more than anything else was the frantic activity of a little figure in black, who, with a huge ladle, was showering molten lead on the heads of the assailing party. As he turned to the bonfire and kettle which supplied him with ammunition, his features came into the full light. I gave a cry of surprise; the ladler of molten lead was Professor Van Stopp.

The Burgomaster Van der Werf turned at my sudden exclamation. "Who is that?" I said. "The man at the kettle?"

"That," replied Van der Werf, "is the brother of my wife, the clockmaker, Jan Lipperdam."

The affair of the breach was over almost before we had time to grasp the situation. The Spaniards, who had overthrown the wall of brick and stone, found the living wall impregnable. They could not even maintain their position in the moat; they were driven off into the darkness. Now I felt a sharp pain in my left arm. Some stray missile must have hit me while I watched the fight.

"Who has done this thing?" demanded the burgomaster. "Who is it that has kept watch on to-day while the rest of us were straining fools' eyes toward to-morrow?"

Gertruyd Van der Werf came forward proudly leading my cousin. "My father," said the girl, "he has saved my life."

"That is much to me," said the burgomaster, "but it is not all. He has saved Leyden and he has saved Holland."

I was becoming dizzy. The faces around me seemed unreal. Why were we here with these people? Why did the thunder and lightning forever continue? Why did the clockmaker, Jan Lipperdam, turn always toward me the face of Professor Van Stopp? "Harry!" I said, "come back to our rooms."

But though he grasped my hand warmly, his other hand still held that of the girl, and he did not move. Then nausea overcame me. My head swam, and the breach and its defenders faded from sight.

V.

Three days later I sat with one arm bandaged in my accustomed seat in Van Stopp's lecture room. The place beside me was vacant.

"We hear much," said the Hegelian professor, reading from a note book, in his usual dry, hurried tone, "of the influence of the sixteenth century upon the nineteenth. No philosopher, so far as I am aware, has studied the influence of the nineteenth century on the sixteenth. If cause produces effect never induce cause? Is this universe of mind and matter, operate in one direction only? Does the descendant owe everything to the ancestor, and the ancestor nothing to the descendant? Does destiny, which may seize upon our existence, and for its own purposes bear us far into the future, never carry us back into the past?"

I went back to my rooms in the Breede straat, where my only companion was the silent clock.

VERY OLD WOMAN.

Mrs. Nancy Tims who is, perhaps, the oldest living being, is daily growing more feeble, and it now seems quite evident that she cannot much longer survive. Many of our citizens have called to see this venerable woman since her arrival here a month ago, and have listened with eagerness to her recitals of the long ago. For one and a quarter centuries, Mrs. Tims has been a living witness of passing events. She was present at the battle of Brandywine, fought 104 years ago the 11th of this month, and assisted her mother to mold bullets for the use of the Americans in that contest. Her sixth and only living child, a son is now 90 years old, and is a resident of Texas. Her youngest child, also a son, was accidentally killed in Weaklay county, in 1843, at the age of 25 years. This wonderful lady, of such unusual longevity, is of small stature, perhaps never weighing over 100 pounds, and until the past fifteen years, since which time she has been helpless, she exercised freely, doing willingly what her hands found to do. A prominent gentleman of this county, himself well advanced in years, remembers that fifty years ago Mrs. Tims was a very old woman.

Since the above was written Mrs. Tims died, and was buried on Wednesday evening.—*West Tennessee Whig.*

FIELDS OF ROSES.

In the Schipka pass in the Balkan mountains there is a little town named Kasaulyk, the inhabitants of which are devoted to the culture of roses, which are not produced there in pots or gardens, but planted in fields or on banks like the potato. No prettier sight can be imagined than acres of rose bushes. Millions of red blossoms are spread out over the bright green of the rose fields, and the flower season extends over many months. Here, in town, is manufactured the greatest quantity of attar of roses, a perfume which it is difficult to get pure even in Turkey. It is calculated that 20,000 roses will yield about 106 grains weight of the precious attar, which is almost always adulterated with sandal wood oil. The few drops of the pure attar which linger in the water, even after repeated skimming, are treasured with care, and go far in the preparation of rose water.

The tenants of the duke of Cleveland are said to intend to present him with a round robin for a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in their rents, and if refused, will all give up their farms in October. The duke is worth about $750,000 a year, and owns about the fifth largest landed estate in England. He is childless, and his wife (Lord Roseberry's mother) has an income from her first husband. At his seat, Raby, carriages drive right into the vast baronial hall. The duke is the direct descendent of the renowned Sir Harry Vane.

A BEGGAR

MAKES A LARGE FORTUNE.

A Chicago journalist is an intimate friend of a Chicago millionnaire. In a recent confidential conversation occurred the following narrative, as reproduced in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean:*

After sitting in reflective silence for a few moments, Mr. Blank said suddenly: "I've a notion to tell you my story. It is so singular that it may be incredible, and it is certainly not an experience one would think I had gone through."

The reporter expressed a desire to hear the story.

"I will tell you, upon condition that you will never mention my name in connection with it."

The promise of secrecy was readily given.

"I do not propose," said Mr. Blank, as he puffed leisurely a fragrant cigar, "to be so specific that I will worry you. All you want to know is the general circumstances, of course. Well, I came from Devonshire nearly thirty years ago, landing in New York, at about the age of twenty-five, with my wife, a few pounds in my pocket and a stout heart. I had come to seek my fortune like many young men before me who found their native land unkind n care of them. Almost upon my arrival I was taken sick, and before I had secured any employment a fever seized me, and when weeks afterward I came back to life my money was gone and we were in debt for rent. My poor wife had made a few dimes here and there doing cheap sewing, but the little she could do was not enough, and much before I was able I arose from my bed to seek for work. Those were sorry days for us, I can tell you. Up and down the streets I wandered, asking every place for work; but I was weak and emaciated, and no one cared to give me employment. I was not worth it, really, and so I went on for two weeks, my health scarcely improving, my case becoming more and more desperate. One day, utterly exhausted and discouraged, feeling miserable and sick, ready to die but for my wife, I sank down upon a box that stood against a lamppost on Broadway. I took my hat off that the breeze might cool my burning head, and I guess that I so fell asleep. Anyway, when I became conscious of where I was and felt somewhat rested, I arose to put on my hat, when some small coins rolled out upon the sidewalk. My heart throbbed as though a miracle had been performed. I picked these up, and found others in my hat. Altogether I had nearly $1. There was a good supper for my wife and me, and I had besides got an idea. I said to myself, I was perfectly willing to work for a little money and no one would employ me; now since people are willing to give me [illegible] that I slouched [illegible] on some public thoroughfare [illegible] out my hat. I asked no o[illegible], but just sat there with my h[illegible] fast as any money was dropped in I transferred it to my pockets. The first day I took in $2.50, and from that time my earnings were never less and they have run as high as $25 in a day. I took to all sorts of tricks to look miserable and played upon the public, though I was soon as well and vigorous as the best who came along. Well, sir, I kept this business up six years, and at the end of that time I had actually taken in a little over $30,000, of which I had $20,000 in bank, a little in many banks. I then had two children, and we lived comfortably. When I found I had $20,000 I concluded to invest it. I did. I bought stocks, and after quietly speculating two years I had made $227,000, and concluded to give up my old life and become a gentleman again. I came West. I bought land in this vicinity. In a short time that land more than ever made me a rich man, and to-day I am worth not a penny less than $800,000. That, sir, all came from a beggar's hat in the streets of New York. Strange story? I think so myself. Really, it now seems to me that all this was a dream. It does not seem real."

Mr. Blank relighted his cigar, leaned comfortably back in his chair and remarked, "Never despise a beggar. You can't tell how rich he may be."

The journalist went his way that afternoon wondering much, envious of the mendicant at the corner, and inclined to turn beggar himself.

TEXAS HORSE BREEDING.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray has evidently found employment that he likes in Texas horse breeding. He writes enthusiastically to the Boston *Herald* that Texas is just the place for the business, and that the tough little mustangs are the right stock to take hold of for improvement. He declares that they trace their origin back to "race of equine kings and queens," and have only deteriorated under hard usage. "I have seen these little 800-pound horses," he says, "travel 80 miles, with a 180-pound man up, under a Southern sun, in a ride across country, without roadways, from sun to sun, and that, too, with little grain, perhaps nothing but the grass they can get from the prairie at night. Many of them pace—pace like the wind—pace so fast that they play with you on the prairie, though you have a blooded mount that can run like a greyhound. Others trot—trot naturally—with stifles well out and perfect knee action, and will do nothing but trot, however hard pressed. I have raced through the prairie grasses and flowers at the rump of a mustang stallion 15½ hands high, and blood bay in color, with a tail black as night and that would sweep the ground afoot, and been unable to break him from his trot or range up to his side, although my mount was a three-quarter bred mare of 1,100 pounds weight, that took to the chase with her eyes blazing and ears laid back in a way that plainly told her rider that she felt a good deal as he did." Mr. Murray advises a cross from a thoroughbred stallion, believing that it would increas the size without losing toughness, and produce the best saddle horses as well as trotters.

The history of iron ships dates from 1787.

ASSASSINS.

Attempts on the Life of Queen Victoria—Perils of the Early Years of Her Reign—Circumstances Resembling the Recent Attack Upon President Garfield's Life.

The attempt on the life of the President recalls the series of like attempts to shoot Queen Victoria in the early years of her reign. Three times in the two years after the marriage, says Mrs. Oliphant, in a pleasant little biography entitled "The queen," this young, innocent and virtuous woman was shot at in the peaceful streets of her own cheerful and unseditious London. The first of these attempts took place in June, 1840, only a few months after the queen's marriage, when a man named Edward Oxford fired at the queen when she was driving down Constitution Hill for her daily airing. The royal couple were in a small phaeton, going to pay their dutiful visit to the Duchess of Kent in all the simplicity and confidence of nature, Prince Albert driving his wife through the peaceful ness of the summer evening. "We had hardly proceeded a hundred yards from the palace when I noticed," Prince Albert writes, "on the foot-path on my side a little, mean-looking man, holding something toward us, and before I could distinguish what it was a shot was fired which almost stunned us both, it was so loud and fired barely six paces from us. Victoria had just turned to the left to look at a horse, and could not understand why her ears were ringing, as from its being so very near she could hardly distinguish that it proceeded from a shot having been fired. The horses started and the carriage stopped. I seized Victoria's hands and asked if the fright had not shaken her, but she laughed at the thing. I then looked again at the man, who was still standing in the same place, his arms crossed and a pistol in each hand. His attitude was so theatrical and affected it quite amused me. Suddenly he again pointed his pistol and fired a second time. This time Victoria saw the shot and stooped quickly, drawn down by me. The ball must have passed just over her head." Only the other day, during the sitting of the commission on lunatic asylums, it was mentioned that this pitiful criminal was still vegetating among the madmen—more respectable is their real misery than he—but not insane; "as sane as any of us," the doctor said who spoke of him. Thirty-seven years of imprisonment are, perhaps, on the whole, even to the meanest spirit, as hard a punishment as one swift hanging, once for all.

FACTS.

Binocular vision is valuable in examining bank notes. Put a genuine note in one department of a stereoscope and a counterfeit in the other and every difference will be clearly distinguished.

Prune culture is a great success in the uplands of California. Nothing can exceed this fruit in weight and production. In Petaluma every branch is loaded and every prune sound. The pits are extracted by machinery and used for fuel. So rich and juicy are the California prunes as to drive the German prunes from the market whenever placed in competition. Each tree bears about one hundred pounds of prunes, worth fourteen cents per pound at wholesale. One hundred trees are planted to the acre, and the entire cost to pit them for the market is but five cents per pound.

There are standing in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin 81,650,000,000 feet of pine timber, and yet at the present rate of destruction it is calculated the supply will not last more than twelve years.

Meredith Eagle.

AN INDEPENDENT LIVE NEWSPAPER devoted to the particular interests of Meredith and general interests of the towns lying around Lake Winnipesaukee and along the line of the B. C. & M. Railroad to the White Mountains.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

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Advertising Rates—Moderate and made known on application. Births, marriages and deaths published free; obituaries 10c. per line.

Job Printing—Of every description executed promptly in the best manner at reasonable prices. Bookbinding and bill posting done on application.

SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1881.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL.

The obsequies of our late lamented President occurred at Cleveland, Monday afternoon before an immense concourse of people. They were very affecting and impressive. Suspension of business and a national exhibition of sorrow was universal throughout the country, while many foreign nations appropriately observed the sad occasion. The ceremonies in Washington the latter part of the week, preceding those in Cleveland, were sad, yet grand. The work of dealing out justice to the wretch, Guiteau, will commence next Monday when an indictment will probably be made out.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

NEW HAMPTON.

Prof. Emerson has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to resume his duties in the Institute.

There was quite an exodus from this section to the State fair.

The news of the President's death reached us on Tuesday forenoon of last week, coming like a thunder bolt from a clear sky. Although the result had been oscillating so long between life and death, yet nearly all after his removal to Long Branch, and subsequent improvement, were sanguine of his ultimate recovery. Immediately upon receipt of the sad news flags were halsed and the principal places of business were draped in mourning. The American people have again witnessed the enactment of the Lincoln tragedy. It seems strange that these two men so much resembling each other in character and history, should have met the same fate while administering the affairs of the same exalted office. Truly the ways of Providence passeth all understanding.

The members of the Social Fraternity are engaged in compiling a history of that society, consisting a catalogue of all its past and its present members; and giving their places of residence and occupations, as far as possible. Any information concerning old members will be gratefully received. All letters containing such information will be thankfully received. [illegible]

Sept 23 C. B. B.

HOLDERNESS.

Potatoes are coming in very light this year.

Mrs. Amos Carr is visiting her grandson, George B. Carr.

Ansel Lee is at work at Burleigh's Hotel in Meredith Village.

Miss Ida Willoughby is visiting friends in Massachusetts.

George R. Bennett died Thursday morning, the 22nd, after a lingering illness of five months. Having recovered from the measles he took cold which terminated in quick consumption. He leaves a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn their loss for he was beloved by all who knew him. Funeral services by Rev. Mr. Wood of Sandwich.

N B Sleeper had a valuable horse killed by lightening on the 23rd.

The school house in district No 9 has been repaired

C L True is attending school in New Hampton

Mrs Russell Smith is quite sick

SNIDA.

THORNTON.

Pursuant to the proclamation of President Arthur, memorial services were held in the church last Monday afternoon, to testify in some appropriate way a becoming interest in the sad fate of our late President, and sympathy with the bereaved family, who more than all others, now mourn his untimely death. The meeting was called to order by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Topping, followed by reading of the scriptures and an earnest prayer by Rev. Mr. Brown of Woodstock The pastor then delivered an able discourse touching on the life of President Garfield, on the causes that indirectly led to his death, the dangers into which we, as a nation, are liable to run, the duty which every American citizen owes to his rulers, closing with some sound advice which every man and woman who helps form or mould our national government would do well to hear and follow After the principal address about fifteen minutes were effectively occupied by M J Hazeltine, Esq who made some very well chosen and touching remarks. Suitable music enlivened the exercises which were particularly creditable to this small, outlying town

Typhoid fever is prevailing here Our physician, Dr W H Smith, informs us that at no period for the past thirty years has there been as much sickness at any one time, in Campton Village and vicinity, as at present

The last few meetings of the Mad River Reading Club have been of a particularly interesting and enjoyable character.

H B H

EAST HEBRON.

It has been very hot and dry for the season.

The woods are eating grass and potatoes.

There is a good crop of apples here this year.

E. A. Filly of St. Louis is boarding at E. W. George's.

M. E. Follansbee has sold his twin steers for $140.

J. W. Sanborn's boarders have all gone but he expects more soon.

E. Barnard has eleven boarders now.

The potato crop is very light this year.

There is quite a call for working cattle.

Frank McClure, who has been sick nearly all summer, is slowly improving.

George Smith and family have been away on a visit and have got back safe and sound. M.

ASHLAND.

Ben. F. Pease, Auctioneer.

Huskings are in order now.

Mrs. S. J. Brown is still in Boston.

R. R. D. Dearborn is shingling his house.

Dr. A. R. Gary has been off on a vacation.

Miss Martha Mitchell is shingling her buildings.

The band has lately added two new members.

Farmers are complaining of only a half crop of potatoes.

John W. Lowd has been in Boston a portion of this week.

Sherman Ladd returned to Lawrence last Saturday morning.

Mrs. Henry Griffith has been in town a portion of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rendell, of Miss., are visiting at Moses Shapleigh's.

George Whidden has been appointed sexton at the F. W. B. church.

Mrs. E. K. Pray, of Bristol, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Huckins.

John Jewett, our highway surveyor, has been at work on the road by Bailey's mill.

Pease & Batchelder have lately added flour to their auction and commission house.

Rodney Cheney, of Boston, paid a flying visit to his father, Col. T. P. Cheney, this week.

Mrs. Allen, mother of Rev. Jacob LeRoy, is stopping at the Webster farm in Bridgewater.

J. E. Robbins, of Fisherville, a merchant tailor, has been in town this week taking orders.

The Ashland brass band gave a promenade concert, at the Town hall, last Saturday evening.

Hiram Merrill and wife have gone to Bath, N. H., and vicinity visiting and will be absent about two weeks.

Mr. Hull, who lately came among us, is doing a large business as watch maker and gives satisfaction.

Dave Calley, of the firm of Calley & Hughes, has returned from the beach after a vacation of two weeks.

Where is the $200 that was to be expended on repairing the sidewalks? We don't see that any repairing has been done.

Water was shut back last Saturday for about two hours in consequence of the gate breaking to the water wheel at J. F. Draper & Co.'s mill.

Part of the railroad bridge over the Pemigewasset river was blown off during the heavy shower of Friday of last week; a gang of men were engaged at the time repairing [illegible] any that can be done elsewhere.

[illegible]rial services were duly and [illegible]ly observed, at the Town hall, on Monday afternoon. The church bell tolled, and the band, 16 pieces, marched down the street playing a dirge to E. F. Bailey's residence from where they escorted to the hall the president of the day and others. Below we give the order of exercises: Prayer by Rev. W. L. Noyes; song by the choir, "Rock of Ages;" addresses by Rev. W. L. Noyes, J. F. Keyes, Dr. J. A. Dana and D. H. Smith; song by the choir, "Nearer My God to Thee;" music by the band. The exercises were closed by singing the doxology, and benediction was then pronounced by Rev. W. L. Noyes. The choir consisted of Messrs. Dearborn, Shapleigh, Cox and Sanborn, Mrs. Blake, Hughes and Shepard, F. L. Hughes, organist. Business was suspended from 12 to 3, and all the mills and shops were stopped during the afternoon. All the stores and the hotel were heavily draped, flags were at half mast, and many private houses were also draped. There were a large number of ladies and gentlemen present at the services which lasted about two hours. James Brogan acted as marshal of the day. The Town hall was heavily draped and the pictures of the martyred president were hung on the sides and end of hall, adorned with mourning. In front of the speakers' stand there was a wreath and in the centre of it was suspended a white dove. E. F. Bailey proposed that the hall should remain draped for 30 days and the town authorities were asked to let it remain that time.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

E. Balch, Plymouth, N. H.
E. W. Carlton, Boston.
C. H. Jewett. Farmington.
B. H. Bucknell, "
F. J. Canney. "
F. P. Carey, Meredith, N. H.
I. B. Spofford, Boston.
G. W. Chase, "
F. H. Franks, "
W. Sanborn, "
C. J. Durst, "
J. D. Nichols, "
I. H. Ames, "
D. M. Cotton, Manchester.
B. A. Leavitt, Gilmanton.
V. Leavitt, "
P. A. Moulton, Boston.
C. H. Gay, "
M. S. Montgomery, Boston.
J. Linehan, "
M. H. Bean, Fisherville.
R. B. Durant, Claremont.
E. Hoyt, Laconia.

Until further notice every subscriber to this paper will receive a copy of the REVISED NEW TESTAMENT, for every $1.00 he or she shall pay, whether in arrears or advance, but if the former, must pay at the rate of $1.50 per year. The book will be delivered at this office or sent by mail free of charge. Applications for this premium must be made when the money is paid.

$500 REWARD.

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That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs, YOU CAN BE CURED without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD which cures by absorption.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Ague Cake, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price $1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address

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FELTS, FELTS,

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Crewels,
Zephyr Worsteds,
Germantown Wools,
Etc., Etc.

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Lake Village, N. H.

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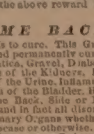

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Holman's Ague, Liver and Stomach Pad—For MALARIA, AGUE, LIVER and STOMACH TROUBLES. Price $2.00.

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For sale by all druggists—or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. The Absorption Salt is not "mailable" and must be sent by express at purchaser's expense.

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We are manufacturing this chemically pure and unadulterated Soap, which is warranted not to injure fabrics.

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A large proportion of Soaps sold are made from putrid and filthy grease, obtained from Hospitals, Jails and Tenement Houses, and the loathsome and repulsive fat of dead animals that have possibly died of disease, and which no process can render fit for human use.

Most of our eminent medical men are aware of this, and have become alarmed at the great increase of skin diseases transmitted from impure Soap. Microscopic examinations have revealed the germs of disease in soap to an alarming extent.

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ELECTRINE SOAP HAS NO ADULTERATION.

Ask your grocer for it, and you will find that it is cheaper, will wash easier, save the clothes and labor, do the work better and quicker than any soap you ever used.

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TWENTY-NINTH

Annual Report

—OF THE—

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

For the Year Ending Dec. 31. 1880.

E. W. BOND, President.
JOHN A. HALL, Secretary.

Receipts in 1880	$1,155,263 59
Disbursements	901,158 21
Assets	7,000,341 48
Liabilities	6,201,198 98
Surplus by Massachusetts Standard	805,742 50
Surplus by N. York Standard, about	1,256,000 00
Interest Receipts in 1880	377,322 50
Death Losses paid in 1880	301,896 47
Excess of Interest over Death Losses	$75,510 03

The Massachusetts Mutual is a progressive and growing Company, careful and conservative in its management, judicious in its investments, and liberal in its transactions.

Under the new non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts, the Company is enabled to offer the best policy contract ever laid before the public—plain, liberal, and just in its provisions.

SEE EXAMPLE.

Policy, $10,000. Age, 35. Payable at death or 50. Annual Premium, $500 00. Dividend annually.

Paid up value after two years	$1,286 20
" " " five "	3,281 70
" " " ten "	6,316 50

Any time after two years, when the insurable interest has terminated, cash will be paid on surrender of the policy.

HON. W. W. STANLEY, HON. P. O. CHENEY.

M. V. B. EDGERLY, Manager,
Manchester, N. H. No. 31 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
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in both public and private buildings. Mr. Blake has had five years experience in setting and testing Boilers, and will attend to all orders of this kind. Boilers and Engines furnished at lowest prices.

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$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that anyone can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co Augusta, Maine.

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Every subscriber receives as a premium, a copy of the **Musical Library**, a bound music book, that usually sells at more than $3. The contents of Volume 1 are as follows—Speak to me Birdie Lassie, Kiddie Vane and I, Touch the Sleeping Strings, In Future Years, Phantom Footsteps, Little Florence, Darby and Joan, Pray, The Days just before the Dew, My Darling at Waiting for Me, Mother Comes or me in Dreams, Love Boots Toll Kitty Fan Coming, Keep One Lock Brought for Me, Little Kitty the Pride of Riverside, Keep the Horse Shoe Over the Door, When the Dear Old Times Come Back Again, He is Coming Back Again Little Girl, Break Into Basket of Blossoms, Little Sister beside my Cabin Home, Brown Eyes Close to the Window, Somebody's Coming when the Dewdrops Fall, Hear the Glass Coach Ally, Colleen Astore, In Future Years, Little Beresford. When Mary was a Lassie, Under the Maples Long Ago, Till the Clouds Go By.

There are six volumes of the above out, those of which contain instrumental music. Send for catalogue. In addition to this we will give one of our issues 40 cent pieces of music. Send six three-cent stamps to pay postage on premiums, to **Foster's Publishing House, Geneva, Ohio** jan7jeo3m

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of different sizes, Casket and Coffin Handles, Robes, Name Plates, and all Trimmings. Also, Keys, for Door Locks, Padlocks, etc., and also has a first-rate, light, one-horse

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Aug. 18d1 caug3-6m

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OUR NICE DOMESTIC BREAD.

Warranted not to sour. Also Nice Warm Buns, Rolls, &c., every afternoon for tea. All orders, plain or fancy, put up on the shortest notice. Cake Frosted. Wedding goods are a specialty. Hot Brown Bread and Beans, Saturday and Sunday mornings.

☞Orders received by telephone from Lake Village and Weirs. Our Mr. MOONEY will continue to visit Meredith Village and receive orders for anything in our line. Quality unsurpassed and prices as low as anywhere.

A. SMITH,
PROPRIETOR.

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J. HENRY STORY & CO.,

DEALER IN

Drugs & Medicines,

Chemicals, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, and in fact every thing usually found at a first-class apothecary store.

96 MAIN ST., [e] LACONIA, N. H.

P. A. ELLSWORTH,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Goods, Spectacles, &c.

Fine Watch repairing and engraving a specialty

MEREDITH, N. H. e

TEBBETT'S

Photograph Rooms.

New and varied back ground scenery.

The best work at reasonable figures.

Copying and enlarging a specialty.

67 MAIN ST., [e] LACONIA, N. H.

BOATS, TENTS,

FISHING TACKLE, BAIT, ETC., SUPPLIED.

Apply to

W. E. S. FOSS,

Winnepesaukee House,

MEREDITH, N. H

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M. M. ROBINSON,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles and Fancy Goods. Repairing a Specialty.

LAKE VILLAGE, N. H. e

Concord Shoe Store.

FRANK MARDEN.

We ask you to call on us.
We will satisfy you.
We keep every style.
We sell the lowest.
We warrant our goods.
We have twenty years' experience.
We defy competition.
We keep fine hand sewed goods.

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FRANK MARDEN, Proprietor,

CENTENNIAL BLOCK, - - - - - - - - CONCORD, N. H.

SENTER HOUSE,

CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

Open from June 1st to Nov. 1st. J. L. HUNTRESS & SON, Proprietors.

JUNE--$2 per Day; $10 per Week.

JULY and AUGUST--$3 per Day, $12 to 20 per Week.

Low Rates for Families for the Season.

If you are willing to

PAY A FAIR PRICE FOR YOUR CLOTHING,

And want to be sure of getting all you pay for, call on

SLEEPER & HOOD,

And select your Garments from one of the Largest and

BEST ASSORTED STOCKS

Of Cloths to be found in the city.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR TRADE OUT OF THE CITY.

REMEMBER, WE WARRANT EVERY GARMENT TO FIT.

SLEEPER & HOOD,

North Main Street, [sept12-4m] CONCORD, N. H.

DANIEL NORRIS

Continues to keep on hand in the TOWN HALL STORE,

MOULDINGS

All Kinds of House F[illegible]

Hosiery Boards, Tables, Writing Desks, Book Cases and Bureaus, Made to Order.

Estimates Furnished on Application.

☞Lumber planed, joined, matched and beaded. Wood turning and scroll sawing. All orders to be addressed to

R. M. MERRILL, Agent,
Mechanics' Row, Near Abel's New Shop,

LACONIA, N. H

J. U. FARNHAM,

MARBLE WORKER

And Dealer in

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES, MANTLES MARBLE SHELVES, &c.

OPP. TOWN HALL, - PLYMOUTH, N. H.

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SARATOGA!

Drs. Strong's Institute

SARATOGA SPRINGS,

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

As a Summer Home it is unsurpassed in elegance of finish, completeness of appointments and attractive society. Beautifully located with ample grounds near the principal springs, hotels, and park. First-class Turkish, Russian and other baths. Write for particulars to

DRS. S. S. & S. E. STRONG,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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Mrs. J. H. LADD,

Dress and Cloakmaker,

Cor. Lake and Water Street,

LACONIA, N. H. e

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

A fine assortment, at lowest prices, can be found at

H. M. WHEELER'S,

Lake Village, N. H., 2d door from P. O.

☞All orders filled quickly and warranted to please. e

Millinery.

Hats of Every Style and Description! Both Trimmed and untrimmed. Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Satins, Ties, Laces, and Veilings. Also, a

Good Assortment of Hair Goods.

All new and well selected.

Mrs. S. F. EVERETT,

caug5ly LACONIA, N. H.

BELKNAP & CO.'S

Boston Rubber Type FOUNDRY,

Manufacturers of Vulcanized Rubber Dating, Bank and Business Hand Stamps, Linen Markers, Indelible Ink, &c.

Write for agencies or terms. aug3-3mo

OFFICE: 3 School St. | BOSTON, Mass.
Room 13,

A. M. MERRILL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

MOULDINGS,

All Kinds of House F[illegible]

Hosiery Boards, Tables, Writing Desks, Book Cases and Bureaus, Made to Order.

Estimates Furnished on Application.

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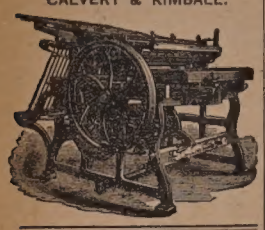
R. M. MERRILL, Agent,
Mechanics' Row, Near Abel's New Shop,

LACONIA, N. H

Meredith Engle.

PUBLISHED BY

CALVERT & KIMBALL.



SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1881.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Dr. Phelps has turned poet

Alden Dias has been to Lowell

Jere Cotton has dug a new well

Alvin Peavey's house is progressing.

Wm Mead is enlarging his buildings

G. M. Mudgett has seen snow flies.

H. B. Clough has been to Manchester.

Memorial services at the Centre Sunday

Moses Marshall will soon move to Laconia.

Miss E. L. Woodman has been visiting.

R. P. Dow has gone away on a vacation.

Miss Orra Osgood has hung out a new sign.

G. W. Smith has repaired his premises.

Charles Wright of Plymouth has been here.

Our town did well at the late State fair.

Mr. Worrall has added a cupola to his stable.

Our farmers are beginning to sell their apples

The assemblies are having a successful run.

J. W. Beede's stable has lately been painted.

A. A. Kidder's cottage is making good progress.

W. H. Robinson has gone to work for his father.

Mrs Mary Connell of Plymouth is stopping here

Our town team, 10 yoke weighed 36,514 pounds.

D P Smith has been suffering from paralysis

L M Hall is going to open a bar ber shop here

E J. Wilcomb and family reside here once more.

Miss Nellie George's sprained wrist is improving.

David Gilman's addition to his barn is advanding.

Charles Wadleigh has a hen's egg 6 1-2 x 8 3-4 inches.

C. E. Kelley has an India pea vine containing 200 pods.

Parts of nearly 30 towns can be seen from the Neck.

Winnie Cate and Mrs Lane Plummer have recovered

Dr. Phelps did considerable business at the State fair.

C. H. Paine has gone to work in the Boston post office.

Aaron Clough has improved his premises considerably.

Rev. Mr. Palmeter has recently been absent on a visit.

C. H. Colby photographed the clock while it was here.

Asa McIntire has been troubled with chronic rheumatism

Will Ballard is recovering from the axe gash in his knee.

W. O. Clough, of the Nashua *Telegraph* has been here.

There is a call for some concerts from the new band.

Rev James Graham has resigned and will leave about Nov 1

Miss Orra E. Osgood has secured a tenement of J. I. Prescott.

Wm Cate and Elwyn Swain have been to St Albans after cattle

Richard Stanton's six weeks old pig swam a mile across the bay

Richard Wiggin has become a locomotive fireman in Pittsburg, Pa

John Worrall lately went to Woonsocket to remain for a while.

O. R. Woodman presides over the boarding room in Hodgson's mill.

The Good Templars' Dramatic Club will soon produce a new drama.

G. E. Gilman has arrived all right in Kansas and is once more at work.

Joseph Smith of Portland and J. B. Smith of Warren have lately been here.

Dr Carey and W J Tuttle have been to Vermont on a sporting excursion

We were well represented at the 12th regiment reunion, at Wolfeboro' this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Calley have been visiting in Manchester and Salem.

Mrs. Olin Pitman and Miss Annie Pitman have been stopping at John Glidden's.

J. M. Neal has a 4,200 pound yoke of cattle and a 1,900 pound yoke of one year old steers.

The Lady of the Lake was here the other day with the returning soldiers from Wolfeboro.

David Piper's little son who lately fell out of a chair and broke his right arm is recovering.

David Gilman has raised an apple over a foot in circumference and nearly a pound in weight

Our citizens did themselves credit by the way they decorated in memory of the late Pesident.

A. N. Hall, Hartford, and Mrs. M. F. Hutchins and son of Lawrence, Mass., have lately been here.

A man rather drunk was pulled off the track asleep, just before a freight train came along the other night

G. L. P Corliss has lost three cattle lately in as many different pastures of a mysterious disease, as have others.

A couple of our mill girls recently rowed down the Lake and hadn't muscle enough to return, so had to be helped back.

The Meredith Cornet Band having obtained the property of the late Mechanics' Band, are now in a fair way to become a flourishing organization.

Business was generally given up most of the day and appropriate services held in Town hall Monday afternoon in memory of the murdered President.

R. P. Dow, late superintendent of Hodgson's knitting room, has been given a gold ring, marble-top table and silver castor by the help recently under his charge.

Mrs. Harriet Dolloff's buildings, on the Neck, about two miles away, were burned Friday night of last week, having been struck by lightning. Loss $2,000; insurance $1,400. The Wamesits went to the fire, but could do no good.

Mr. S. H. Robie, of the Concord *Blade* was married here, on Tuesday, to Miss Lizzie O. Mills, and the newly wedded pair left for Concord, their future home, that evening. They have the best wishes of their many friends here and elsewhere.

Senator Blair is making an effort to get a pension for Oscar Perkins, a brave soldier in the late war who has been suffering from an impaired mind, voice and limbs for half a dozen years, and has been taken care of by his wife and Masonic brethren. His papers have been lost or he would have had it ere this, as it is well deserved.

Paine's Furniture House reports a very active trade the past week.—*Boston Journal.*

The attention of the readers of this paper is called to the recent change in the rates, etc., which may be found at the top of the first column, second page.

FURNITURE. Paine's warerooms contain a large assortment of parlor and chamber furniture at manufacturer's cash price, saving a large per cent to the purchaser and as much trouble in selecting.—*Boston Journal.*

Geo. Main, of No. 3 Merrimack St., Concord, has upwards of 15,000 cabbage plants of the Blatchfield, Winstead and Follet varieties at 75 cents per 100. Tomato plants of the choicest kinds at 75 cents. Roses, Geraniums, Primroses, Calla Lilies, Fuchsias, with every variety of foliage plants for bordering always on hand at prices lower than any other house in New England. To those about to enter the marriage state Main's orange blossoms will commend themselves.

BORN.

In Boston, Sept 19, to Mr and Mrs Charles H Paine, a son.

In Rumney, Sept 15, to Mr and Mrs Jesse Tilton, a son

MARRIED.

In Rumney, Sept 15, by Rev J H Trow, C A Chase to Ida M Abbot, daughter of Joseph Abbot

In Meredith Village, Sept 17, by Rev J Erskine, Mr Frank F Green of Moultonboro, and Miss Susan A DeLano of Holderness

In Moultonboro Sept 19, by Rev C B Moody, George E Lawto Clara S Bean, both of Nashua

DIED.

In Meredith, Sept 15, Charlie W, son of Mr and Mrs Frank S Prescott, aged 17 months

In Rumney, Sept 17, Olivia T, wife of Deacon George M Stevens, aged 69 years

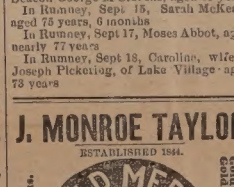
In Rumney, Sept 15, Sarah McKean, aged 73 years, 6 months

In Rumney, Sept 17, Moses Abbot, aged nearly 77 years

In Rumney, Sept 18, Caroline, wife of Joseph Pickering, of Lake Village aged 73 years

J. MONROE TAYLOR

ESTABLISHED 1844.



113 WATER ST., NEW YORK.

Thousands, disgusted with the many poor articles offered in market, are now happy in using J. MONROE TAYLOR'S Gold Medal preparations. They are guaranteed strictly pure and superior to any other in market. Ask your grocer for them, and do not be put off with any others until you have given them a trial.

W. M. RAND,

BLACKSMITH,

MEREDITH VILLAGE, N. H.

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

We Quote the Following Goods at these Unusual Prices in Order to

Close Our Entire

SUMMER STOCK!

You Should Not Fail to Examine.

450 yards of 25 cent half-wool Bunting, desirable shades, down to 12 1-2c per yard.

One lot Ladies' Fancy Striped Hose, 5c per pair.

Twenty-five all-wool Shetland Shawls, blue, cardinal and white, down to 50c each.

Fourteen Ladies' Linen Suits, three pieces, only $2.00 per suit, cheap at $3.00.

Full line of 50 and 75c and $1 Corsets just received.

All kinds of White Vests. Call and see.

One hundred Japanese Parasols, very handsome, large size, 20c each.

Twenty-three Ladies' Dusters, 75c each.

Extra quality, all-wool Black Cashmeres, at 62 and 75c per yard.

New line of Men's Straw Hats, just received.

Complete assortment of Neckwear and Hosiery for men and boys.

Ladies in want of Millinery can set their own price.

☞ Store Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings Only.

Smith, Lougee Bros. & Co.,

Nos. 77 to 87 [illegible] H.

O'SHEA BROS.

JOBBERS AND RETAILERS.

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

—ETC., ETC.,—

LACONIA, N. H.

WILLARD HOTEL,

AND COTTAGE.

Geo. H. Everett, - - Proprietor.

LACONIA, N. H.

OPEN FOR THE SEASON OF 1881.

A good Livery Stable connected with the house

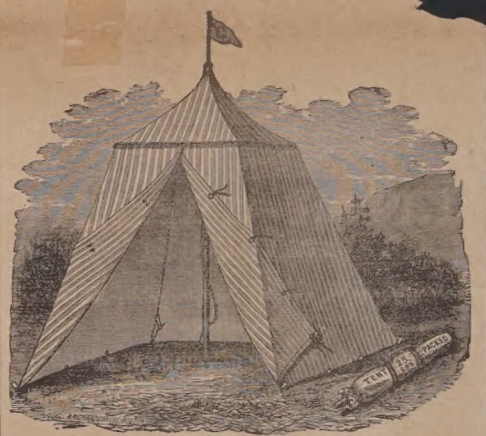
HOTEL WEIRS, WEIRS, N. H.

D. B. STORY, Proprietor.

This hotel stands upon an elevation commanding the finest views of Lake Winnipesaukee and the mountains which surround it.

There are five trains daily running from Boston and five from the north, making close connections with rail and steamer routes to New York, the south and west. Also, connections by steamers on the Lake with two other rail routes to the north and east.

Gale's Patent Tents.



Adapted to all out-door purposes where Lawn, Beach, Hunters' and Camp tents are used. Quick folding against sudden storms, or promptly covering all sizes, enabling them to stand against wind or rain. The tent represented in the cut above is 8 feet high, 7 feet square at bottom and will comfortably lodge 4 persons. It can be set up in about 5 minutes and is taken down and packed (see cut) as speedily, making a bundle 4 feet long and weighing about 25 lbs. The pole is two pieces jointed together by a screw brass tube. The sap pockets are INSIDE OUTER COVER and neither sap nor door stretch. The tent seat on receipt of price, or sent C. O. D. to any address. Prices from $10.00 to $15.00, according to size, of material for covering.

HOPKINSON & MARDEN, { 15 and 16 Faneuil Hall Square, } BOSTON.

THE RELISH OF THE WORLD.

MR. WM. HALFORD is the Sole Proprietor of the Celebrated Sauce bearing his name. Its under-acknowledged precedence over all the English and American Sauces is now thoroughly established. In consequence of this it has been and is, like all other successful productions, subjected to spurious imitations.

Observe Trade Mark below on each bottle.

ADULTERATION is one of the evils of these MIXED pleasure times. Nothing that is useful or edible escapes the contamination touch. Respecting the genuine article in Halford Sauce, read the following:

WM. HALFORD, ESQ.

SIR,—I have analyzed and tested the "Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce," and consider it an excellent relish. It is free from anything injurious or unwholesome or injurious and is composed of such spices and other ingredients as we all know to be the best for a sauce of this kind.

Respectfully,

S. DANA HAYES,

State's Assayer and Chemist, Mass.

HALFORD

LEICESTERSHIRE

For Soups, Fish, Steaks,

For Gravies, Chops, Game, Cold Meats, etc.

TABLE SAUCE.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

GUNS!

GUNS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Wholesale and Retail.

Also, a full line of

SPORTING GOODS.

John P. Lovell & Sons.,

Washington Street, cor. Bromfield Street, BOSTON, Mass

G. H. H. SILSBY & SON,

(Successors to Morrill & Silsby.)

JOB PRINTERS,

BOOK-BINDERS,

PAPER-RULERS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

BLANK-BOOKS,

OF ALL KINDS.

Having recently added to their extensive Job Office a Campbell fast *Cylinder Power Press* are prepared to do all kinds of *Job Printing* more expeditiously and at lower rates than formerly. Always in stock the largest assortment of

Paper, Stationery and Fancy Goods

IN THE STATE. CONCORD, N. H.

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JOHN HAWKINS,

FLORIST

—AND ARTISTIC—

Floral Decorator

—ALSO GROWER OF—

Choice Greenhouse Plants.

BOUQUETS, WEDDING AND FUNERAL FLOWERS ARRANGED AT SHORT NOTICE.

Office and Greenhouse on State Street, Opp. Freewill Baptist Church,

CONCORD, N. H.

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WANTED.

We desire to engage for the coming season competent

COAT MAKERS,

A permanent situation and the highest wages given to desirable work women.

Address stating experience, &c.,

E. W. WOODWARD & SON,

Successors to Woodward, Baker & Co.,

Merchant Tailors

Woodward B'l'd'g, CONCORD, N. H.

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NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED AT

99c. Store!

Wonderful bargains in Bird Cages, Crockery, Glass Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Jewelry, Traveling Bags, Clocks, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Doll Carriages, Croquet, Pictures and Frames, Wagons, Carts, Toys, and a big assortment of other articles surprisingly low.

☞Be sure to call and examine goods and prices. Goods cheerfully shown.

G. L. HOOPER,

Second Door North of Post Office,

CONCORD, N. H.

Jan1'82-1e

TELEPHONE.

A LARGE LOT OF

Chestnut Telephone Poles

FOR SALE CHEAP BY

G. COOK,

Sash and Blind Manufacturer,

LACONIA, N. H.

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THE GENUINE

BLANCHARD CHURN

GET THE BEST

Five sizes made for Family Dairies. Four sizes for Factory use. All our goods are of perfect stock and the best workmanship. They are strong, simple, efficient, convenient and durable. They continue to be the Standard Churns of the Country.

We now furnish either Round or Square Top Churns of the Family sizes, as may be preferred. Prices of both styles the same. Send for circulars of our improved Round Top Churn.

Our Churn received the highest Premium at the International Dairy Fair, in New York City, in 1879, in competition with all the leading Churns in the market.

Send either to any Dealer in REALLY first-class Dairy Implements for a Churn or Descriptive Circular, or address the Sole Manufacturers,

PORTER BLANCHARD'S SONS, Concord, N. H.

je

New England News.

Maine.

The steamer City of Richmond, sunk at Rockland, was successfully floated recently.

The Independent ice company of Gardiner is shipping 2000 tons of ice daily to Washington, D. C.

Two children of August S. Littlefield of New York have been poisoned by eating cucumbers from vines where Paris green was used. One child died and the other is very ill.

A worm similar to the corn-grub is destroying the roots of grass in Penobscot county.

It has been said that the settlers of New Sweden were going to abandon the colony and go to Florida. This is a mistake as the colony is flourishing and 250 new emigrants are expected soon.

Mrs. Henry Leinser [of Damariscotta, a widow aged 70, drowned herself in a well while crazy, a few days ago.

At the steamer Mt. Desert was leaving Sullivan, recently, the engineer, Erwin T. Johnson of Rockland, when in the act of rising from oiling the machinery, was struck on the head by the valve rod, badly fracturing his skull and inflicting fatal injuries.

An insect is destroying spruce trees in northern Maine and the provinces. The female lays an egg in the bark and the grub which hatches bores into the tree. The female is deep blue-black, has a white spot behind each ear and a long horn with a lance-shaped head on her tail.

Mrs. Sabrina Conant of North Auburn had an old woman's party the other day of seven persons whose united ages were 547 years.

New Hampshire.

The suit of Knights vs. the town of Epsom, to recover damages for injuries caused by a defective highway, has resulted in a verdict of $3794 for the plaintiff. At a previous trial the plaintiff was awarded $1900, from which judgment the town appealed.

Charles P. Clark of Suncook shot himself through the heart at the Suncook house while crazy, a few days since.

James Thomas of Colebrook ate poison by mistake recently and died.

The East Congregational church at New Haven, talks of building a new sanctuary on the Atwater lot, corner of State and Humphrey streets.

The capital stock of the New Hampshire fire insurance company has been increased from $250,000 to $500,000.

Brakeman Smith of Haverhill, Mass., was struck by a bridge near Dover the other day and killed.

Vermont.

The Isle La Motte fruit crop is so large that apples, pears and plums are rotting by the bushel on the ground.

Trenor W. Park has bought the Hunt premises in Bennington from the widow of the late Seth B. Hunt for $25,000. This includes the entire estate except the adjoining Hathaway farm. Edward Rice has surveyed the purchase, which conveys the right to use the mountain spring reservoir for fountain purposes.

A Wilmington farmer has raised this season from an acre and a half of land 110 bushels of fine oats.

Miss Lizzie Waite of Brattleboro, the estimable sister of Defaulter Waite, died, suddenly Thursday morning of cholera morbus. Miss Waite, it will be remembered, was taken to the asylum soon after the downfall of her brother.

Miss Lydia Alden of Bra[illegible] committed suicide the o[illegible]

Mrs. Wm. Collidon of Barton was so electrified by a flash of lightning, recently, as to make her perfectly helpless.

Levi Parker of Thetford, aged 80 years, was drowned recently, while attempting to ford the Pompanoosuc river.

The Connecticut River railroad company is to replace the old Sullivan bridge at Bellows Falls with a new iron one. The old bridge has been considered unsafe for a long time.

Lewis Shepherd recently plowed up in a New Haven orchard, a Spanish silver quarter dollar piece, of the reign of Charles II, dated 1790.

The sharp competition among appledealers has brought winter apples up to $3.50 per barrel, at which price most of the apples in Addison and Chittenden counties are being engaged to be gathered in October for Boston markets.

The venerable Chief Justice Pierpoint is reported seriously ill at Vergennes.

Two men in Ferrisburg have created a breeze by selling diseased beef, falsely representing themselves agents of a Vergennes butcher.

The widow of Edwin D. Davis, a locomotive fireman who was killed by a railroad accident near Bellows Falls in 1878, has received $5000 from the Central Vermont railroad in the Rutland county court.

Massachusetts.

Charles A. Elwell of Linden, 15 years old, swallowed more dime novels than he could digest and forged a check for $250 recently. He was caught at Fitchburg with a trunk full of powder, bullets, guns, pistols and a few feet of novels, bound for Omaha.

The Boston common council concur with the aldermen at last, and the old state-house will be repaired and leased.

All things considered, the attendance at the Mechanics' fair in Boston, has been quite large, though it is plainly evident that, as in the case of the Institute fair when first opened, many people are waiting until the exhibits are in a thoroughly complete form before making their visits. The big cider press, the collar machine, the daily paper office, the big engines with their huge belts, the art museum and the military museum, the photograph studios, the crockery and glass departments, the camera obscura, the leather machine, the dry goods temple, the roaring cataract, and floral pyramid—all are sources of information and delight to the crowds that assemble in their vicinity, and all are in full blast daily.

The Boston and Albany surveying party for the proposed short route from Springfield to New York has begun operations according to a rough plan laid out. Three lines will be surveyed to find the most favorable one, and quite a long time will probably be required to settle the question.

The Boston co-operative stores will hereafter be conducted on the plan of the civil service stores of England. They promise to deal only in the best articles and give every buyer 5 per cent. discount from the average market price. Every stockholder will be given a list of 40 stores where he can buy goods 10 per cent. lower than the ordinary price. A share costs $4.

Highwaymen are busy between Gloucester and Salem and have made two attacks within a few days.

Senator Pendleton of Ohio speaks on civil service reform at the Boston Music hall October 24.

William Cunningham and George Pistall, employed in arranging the machinery at the cow-pasture sewer, Boston, were killed recently by the breaking of a capstan bar which hit each man on the head.

The Central Vermont railroad and the roads south of White River Junction are going to build a grain elevator of 500,000 bushels capacity at the Mystic wharf terminus of the Lowell railroad in Boston below Chelsea bridge.

The Perkins institute for the blind at Boston begins the year with more students than it has ever had.

The first train on the Massachusetts Central was run to Hudson, carrying the full board of railroad commissioners. They thoroughly examined crossings and bridges and are satisfied with them. The road will be opened to the public soon.

Rhode Island.

Sadie White, a little Providence girl, was seized on the sidewalk and taken away in a team by two men the other day. Her parents have had trouble and recently separated, the mother taking the child. It is supposed that her father was one of the kidnapers.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's suit against George H. Norman of Boston has begun at Newport. She asks the court to restrain the defendant from using a dam which he has built on the sources of a valuable stream flowing through Lawton's valley, where she has real estate. She claims that the dam curtails the water-supply on her estate. The dam was built with the view of supplying Newport with water in case of accident to the reservoir in the adjoining town of Middletown. He bought a large tract of land in Portsmouth and built the dam complained of at great expense. Mrs. Howe a few months ago secured a temporary injunction, and she now hopes to make it permanent. The case attracts a good deal of attention.

The Woonsocket agricultural and industrial fair has opened. The exhibits are no larger than usual but are very fine.

Connecticut.

Daniel S. Minor of Hadlyme, aged 68, has been put in jail on complaint of his daughters, it is said, who charge him with furnishing no money for their support or their mother's. Mr. Minor separated from his family for private reasons 15 years ago, and until last year supported them. The old man's friends were indignant and wanted to keep him out of jail, but he said, "If my own children wish to put me in jail I do not propose to prevent it."

Dr. Cogswell, who offers to give a drinking fountain to the city of Hartford, was an inmate of the South Coventry poor-house when a boy. Some persons took an interest in him and gave him enough money to start. He went to California and made a fortune as a dentist.

A peculiar horse case is being tried at Willimantic. James S. Parsons's $2000 steed caught a nail in his foot while being driven along the highway and died of lockjaw, and Mr. Parsons sues the town for damages.

A. F. Woods, a New Haven druggist, has sued the parallel road company for $600 office rent. The sheriff who served the writ says he could find only $100 worth of property to attach.

A visitor at a Hartford factory mistook the fire extinguisher for the water-cooler recently and it took half an hour to convince him that the boiler had not exploded.

A SOUTHERN MARRIAGE.

A couple from Virginia landed in Milton the other morning to be married by 'Squire Lewis. They walked hand-in-hand up Main street and took a seat [illegible] tep of the 'Squire's office, [illegible]sked for a license. As the [illegible]ire was preparing to make it out, the buxom girl began to inch off, and hesitated, and finally said to the young man in a half whisper :—

"John," said she, "I don't believe I will—I never did feel so flustrated—lawd ! I wonder what pappy's doing now—I feel right tremblesome—less go back ; come on, John."

"Well, you don't want the license, then ?" said the 'Squire.

"Hold on thar, Mister ; yes, we do," said the man ; and he moved closer up and set his chin to earnest work. "Now, Sally," said he, "don't go on thater way ; what 'ud the folks say ? It 'ul be awful hard on me. An' thar's the candy stew at Bob Brown's to-night, an' aller that ; and Sukey Jones would jest die agrinnin' over you about it. She was mad as pizen yisterday when she heard we was comin'—"

"I don't mind her no more'n the dust on my feet, but I 'feel so skittish-like, John ; wish'ermydie if I hain't sorry we come. I don't want'er get married, John."

"Say, Mister, fix on your papers," said John. "Marrin's nuthin ; no more'n standin' up in spellin' class at Oldfield school."

"Well, stand up," said the 'Squire. "I'm ready."

But as the ceremony was under way the girl jerked back, exclaiming : "I'll be Johndingee ef I do !"

The 'Squire suggested that the license had been given, and they had gone most too far to back out now.

"That's so !" said John. "Stand fast, Sally ! Don't git all in'er quiver now," gently taking her arm. "Com'er 'long in place ; it's most over with ;" and she sidled back.

As the 'Squire said "I now pronounce you man and wife !"

"Lud'amercy !" cried the bride, "an' is it done ?"

"You bet 'tis—easy as spellin' ; and now we'll go," said the man ; and they mounted the horse double and rode out of town.—*Reidsville, N. C., Times.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The first step towards making a man of your son is to train him to earn what he spends ; the next best step is to train him how to save his earnings.

When a man dies, men inquire what he has left behind him ; angels inquire what he has sent before him.

Those who will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles.

When you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak it of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says : "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

He who betrays another's secrets because he has quarrelled with him was never worthy the name of friend ; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

According to Zeno, it is a very suggestive fact that we have two ears and only one tongue. It is better to listen than to talk, and always safe to tell no more than half we hear.

An injury unanswered in time grows weary of itself and dies away in an involuntary remorse. In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear, it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

National Capital Notes.

The room of ex-Minister Christiancy at the National hotel was entered recently and a box containing diamonds and jewelry valued at $6000 was broken open and the contents carried away. The articles stolen were intrusted to Mr. Christiancy for safe keeping while minister at Peru, and were brought to Washington Wednesday from the custom-house at New York.

Six Prussian Von Steubens, from colonel down to lieutenant, have accepted Secretary Blaine's invitation to come to Yorktown.

Treasurer Gilfillan is receiving a large number of letters inquiring what the government will pay for mutilated silver. These letters are from people who want to go into the business of buying such silver which now cannot be passed in trade. The government buys the mutilated coin at so much for the amount of bullion contained therein. There is a suspicion that the same class of people who made a business of cutting out small pieces of silver from the silver coins and then passing them are now turning around and buying in these coins at such a low figure that they can sell to the government at its bullion rates and make money. Thus they have a scheme profitable at both ends.

Domestic and Foreign.

A suit against Gen. N. P. Banks by William R. Hodges of New Orleans will be placed on the November calendar of the circuit court in New York. Gen. Banks levied a tax on Mr. Hodges in New Orleans in 1863. The plaintiff paid $3557, and in 1875 began the suit in the Louisiana supreme court, which was transferred to the circuit court. He claims $30,924 damages.

Masked burglars entered the hut of John McCreary, a hermit, near Collinsville, O., recently, bound him hand and foot, gagged him, and robbed him of a roll of $5000 in bills. The robbers escaped.

Jane Campbell (colored) living near Dykes Mill, Ark., killed her two children the other day, aged 10 and 12, beating out their brains, for some trivial disobedience. A mob of whites and blacks next day dragged Mrs. Campbell from her cabin, tied her to a stake and literally roasted her alive.

Acting under the instructions of a citizens' committee, Overseer of the Poor Stoven has instituted proceedings against nearly every saloon keeper in the town of Watervliet, N. Y., about 400 in all, on the charge of selling liquor without a town license. Two of the defendants are members of the board of excise.

The Methodist ecumenical council closed at London a few days ago, with the adoption of an address to all Methodists, which was read by Bishop Peck of Syracuse, N. Y., and signed by a representatives of every Weslyan body, recommending the views favored at the various sittings, calling upon all to co-operate in the work of Christ, to maintain the traditional Methodist, means for promotion of earnestness, and declaring that a call should go forth for a great spiritual awakening. The meeting of the next council in America in 1887 was authorized.

Gen. Peyton Wise and L. L. Lewis, U. S. district attorney, fought a duel in Forbes's woods near Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs, Va., about eight miles from Warrenton. Gen. Wise was unhurt by Lewis's shot and fired his own weapon into the air.

Mr. Sheridan, a traverser in the late state trial in Ireland, and subsequently arrested under the coercion act and imprisoned in Kilmainham jail, has been released.

The Chicago and Alton railroad has notified the Missouri authorities that the state will be held responsible for the recent train robbery at Pittsburg was for the riots in 1876. J. W. Brossfeid has been arrested as one of the robbers.

The flow of emigrants to America from Germany continues to be incessant ; during the present year 100,000 have emigrated.

The chief points demanded of Germany by the Vatican are the abolition of civil tribunals for ecclesiastical causes, the return of the expelled religious orders, and clerical control of religious teaching in the schools.

A riot occurred at Tubercurry, Ire., on the occasion of rejoicings at the release of Mr. Sheridan. The police were stoned, and the chief constable was severely injured. The police fired upon the crowd and wounded several persons.

It is estimated that it will require $1,000,000 to take care of the Michigan sufferers until another harvest.

Dr. Henry C. Cole, mayor of Kokomo, Ind., was shot and killed recently by a sheriff's posse, while in the act of robbing a flour mill.

It appears that the revolt of the White mountain Indians was due to a report started among them by mean whites that they were to be driven from their coal fields and robbed of their lands. The hostiles now desire to surrender to the military unconditionally.

Sig. Giovanni has undertaken to restore in England the lost art of engraving on glass, called by the ancients "the art sublime." But one specimen of this wondrous art exists in England—the Portland vase at the British Museum. Sig. Giovanni has produced a drinking vessel of thick glass, out of which he has sculptured in bas relief a group representing the training of young Bacchus. Some idea may be formed of the perfection of this chef d'œuvre, when it is observed that the different figures, though but two inches in hight, are executed with such minuteness of detail that they appear twice as big. It has been purchased for the king of Italy for $25,000.

THE MARKETS.

BOSTON.			
Flour—Western Superfine	$4 50	@	4 75
Common Extra	7 25	@	7 50
St. Louis	7 75	@	8 50
Corn	70	@	71
Oats	49	@	51
Butter—Fair to good	27	@	30
Selections	32	@	33
Cheese—Choice factory	12 1-2	@	13
Fair to good	10 1-2	@	11 1-2
Skim and Common	05	@	08
Eggs—Choice near-by	23	@	24
Western	15 1-2	@	16
Potatoes—Early Rose	2 75	@	3 00
Sweet	4 25	@	4 50
Onions	2 75	@	3 00
Apples, per bbl	2 75	@	3 00
Turkeys	20	@	21
Hay, per ton	11 00	@	17 00
Rye Straw, per ton	19 00	@	20 00
Pork—Mess	12 00	@	12 50
Beef—Mess	10 00	@	10 50
NEW YORK.			
Flour—Superfine Western	5 25	@	6 10
Common to good extra	6 30	@	7 80
Good to Choice	6 40	@	7 75
Corn—Ungraded	67	@	71
Oats	43	@	52
Tallow	5 1-2	@	5 1-2
Pork—Mess	10 85	@	10 90
Beef—Extra Mess	9	@	9 50
Western	15	@	34
Cheese—State	09	@	12 3-4

WATERTOWN UNION LIVE STOCK MARKET.

MARKET BEEF—Choice, $8.50 @ $9 00 ; extra, $7.00 @ $8.00 ; fair, $6.50 @ $6.75 ; second to, $5.00 @ $5.75 ; third do., $4.00 @ $4.50.

STORE CATTLE—Yearling steers, $10 @ $20 ; fancy cows, $50 @ $65 ; working oxen, per pair, $100 @ $166 ; milch cows and calves, $30 @ $40 ; yearlings, $7 @ 13 ; two-years, $14 @ $25 ; three-years, $25 @ $46.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—In lots, $2 50 @ $5.00 each ; extra, $5.50 @ $6 25 ; lambs, 4 @ 6 per lb ; veal calves, 3 1-2 @ 5 3-4c per lb.

Classification of Cattle and Sheep.—Choice bullocks includes nothing but stall-fed, 1100 to 1400 lb. bullocks. Extra and first quality includes the best, large, fat cows. Second and third quality includes oxen, two and three years old steers. Extra sheep includes cosets when those of inferior quality are thrown out.

TEMPERANCE.

The poor drunkard does not chiefly support the saloons ; he is too poor. The total abstainer does not support them. The "moderate drinker" is the man that keeps them in prosperity. If it were not for the support of the moderate drinker, the traffic would soon cease. The old drunkards would die, and it is only out of a moderate drinker you can make a drunkard.

No one disputes that liquor causes an infinite amount of crime and misery, but it is not wise to overlook the predisposing cause to drink. Conditions that result from want, ignorance, inherited tendencies, weakness of will, mental and physical exhaustion, and all manner of excess should be taken into account in waging war against the foe. An eminent physician declares that the tables of our first-class hotels are as fruitful a source of evil as their bars.

We do not belong to the number in control of a newspaper who would publish no opinions in opposition to their own, nor do we by any means deem it necessary always to express our own views, when they differ from those which we print from others. We have again and again argued for total abstinence as effectively as we were able, but yet we do not propose, when occasionally printing an adverse opinion from Dr. Crosby or President Woolsey, always to enter into an argument in the same connection to show that they are wrong ; for we believe it but fair that the views of such men should be heard. As to the question, whether the use of lighter drinks in this country tends to less drinking of the more fiery liquors, we have never expressed but one opinion. We must take things as they are with our own race, and in this country. We have no doubt that, in some of the southern latitudes of Europe, the drinking of wine and beer may prevent the use of something stronger, but with us the use of the lighter drinks as a beverage is very far from safe. Cider has often led to beer drinking, the latter to wine drinking, and the latter to brandy, and in frequent cases to wine drunkards. Our earnest advice to young men, and to all, is to shun the wine cup, let beer alone, and abstain totally from all that can intoxicate—except as a medicine, and by advice of a physician, when nothing else will reasonably answer the purpose.—*Congregationalist.*

Sunday Dram.

It was Sabbath morning, and a grocer who sold liquor was preparing himself for church, when a farmer, who lived a mile away, knocked at his door and begged to have a glass of spirits. "He was not feeling well, he knew he should be worse if he waited over until Monday," and so on. The man was an old customer. The grocer knew well enough what was the matter, and that he would "hang around" ever so long if he refused him. So, to "get rid of him," he let him have the liquor. It took several glasses to answer the purpose, but the grocer managed to quiet his conscience by the idea that it was a kind of work of necessity and mercy. No doubt the man was really suffering. So, finally, he shut the door and walked away with his family to church. Probably he took the silver the man had gave him to drop into the contributing box, as a further excuse to con-

[illegible] man lingered about until the family returned, and then knocked again.

"You have had enough," said the grocer impatiently, which meant he was ashamed of the wreck and ruin he had made, and did not wish people to see him around.

But oh, how the man begged ! The deadly "mania" was coming on, and no words can express its might and its craving for the fire that feeds it. Still the dealer was resolute, until a bright silver bit was laid on the counter. He loved these little bits of metal. It was the "many" of these that was rolling up his fortune. He might as well have it as not. Nothing could hurt that wretch. He would pour him his dram and have done with him. So he swept off the money into the drawer, poured out the glass, and when it was doffed at a sup, he shut and bolted his door and turned away to his Sabbath pursuits, such as they were.

I don't see how a rumseller can endure his Sunday, with its leisure for quiet thought.

The man shambled off to his home, and the children cowered and skulked away to their usual hiding-places. But the poor wife was there and the maniac felled her to the earth and dyed the floor with her life-blood.

To not a man who sells a dagger to a maniac responsible for any deeds of violence that may follow ? What sane man will say that "it is no affair of the sellers ?" The law inquires diligently with regard to arming an assassin when some dark deed is done. Why should it not go to the fountain when such crimes flow from the sale of liquor ?—*Mrs. J. E. M'Conaughy.*

STATISTICS OF NEW ENGLAND.

At a session of the Social science association, Robert P. Porter of the census bureau presented, by Gen. Walker's request, the results of his investigations of the public debts of the United States. The population of New England is 4,010,438 ; the aggregate of its different classes of indebtedness is about $200,000,000—a per capita of nearly $50. In the middle states the per capita is about $43.20 ; in the southern states, $14.31 ; the western states, $13.66, and in the Pacific states, $14.67. The per capita of debt, other than national, in the United States, is $23.68 ; to this add $40 for the national, and we have $63.68 per capita for every man, woman and child in the country. Estimate five persons to a family, and our public debts to day amount to $318.40 for each head of a family. Our debts to-day are 17 3-10 per cent. of the assessed value of all properties for 1880.

As the result of observation and from the testimony of reliable men the following is about the average growth in twelve years of the leading desirable varieties of timber, when planted in belts or groves and cultivated : White maple, one foot in diameter and thirty feet high ; ash, leaf maple or box elder, one foot in diameter and twenty feet high ; white willow, one and one-half feet in diameter and fifty feet high ; yellow willow, one and one-half feet in diameter and thirty-five feet high ; Lombardy poplar, ten inches in diameter and forty feet high ; blue and white ash, ten inches in diameter and twenty-five feet high ; black walnut and butternut, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high.—*Scientific American.*

SCOTCH MAGISTRATES.

In olden days the magistrates of a certain Scotch city were invariably men of good social position, however otherwise defective. When the old reform bill passed, the choice fell into other hands, the gentlemanly magistrates were kicked out and a new set put in. The new set were a rough lot. The Sunday following their installation, according to Scotch fashion, they appeared in church in their official seats, filled with new-blown dignity. The officiating minister, a quaint old man, and a notorious Tory, regarded them with contemptuous eyes all through the service. At length the time came for the intercessory prayer, which in Scotland is expressed at the discretion of the minister. On this occasion the portion relating to the magistracy was briefly but significantly expressed, "Lord have mercy on the magistrates of Drumsleekie, such as they are. Make them wiser and better."

A South Carolina paper says that the wife of Representative Tillman of that state, notwithstanding the cares of a numerous family, mounts her horse daily and personally superintends every detail of her husband's extensive planting interest, and is considered one of the most successful managers of a farm in Edgefield county. Owing to the congressional duties and business relations of Col. Tillman, he has turned the plantation over to her.

The brigands of Thessaly have at length been outwitted by a captive. His name is Janni Boyardji, but he is a British subject nevertheless. He made no objection to paying the ransom demanded, and offered to take two of the brigands with him in a small boat to a village where he could get the money. On the way he managed to upset the boat, and swam ashore, leaving the brigands to drown.

Self-Defense.

To a criminal neglect of preventive medication may be ascribed a majority of the ailments which affect humanity. It is a well ascertained fact, resting on the experience of over twenty-five years, that a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will put even a naturally feeble system in such a state of defense that it will be competent to resist the most prevalent causes of disease, such as the malign influence of miasma, unwholesome water, excessive heat, damp, cold, sudden changes of temperature, &c. Yet there are thousands of persons living in perpetual peril from one or more of these causes, who recklessly omit to avail themselves of the absolute protection which this famous vegetable antidote affords. Intermittent and bilious remittent fevers, rheumatism, general debility, nervous weakness, and irregularities of the stomach, bowels and liver, would be comparatively unknown, if this palatable specific were in universal use in the districts where they principally prevail.

"An Old Man's Darling."—Himself.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I had no faith in skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had used Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they send them and are cured, and feel so thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

MRS. JULIA G. CUSHING.

VEGETINE.—"The life of all flesh is the [illegible] no one can possibly be [illegible] is diseased. Vegetine [illegible] with health [illegible] into the system for [illegible] absorbed, and replaces [illegible] which caused the disease.

What is beautiful ? Why, CAROLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, as now improved and perfected. Clear as spring-water, delightfully perfumed, and will not soil the finest linen fabric. Makes the hair grow on bald heads.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the FERRO PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA BARK, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic ; the patient is recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was advised to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lungs as big as half a dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this, hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that consumption can be cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness."

RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA CURED by J. A. Melvin's Great Remedy 47 and 51 Blackstone St., Boston. ONE BOTTLE CURES. Price, $1

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS
And Never Failed.

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GRANNY'S FRIEND externally harmless: also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

$25. No one once trying it will ever be without it; over 600 physicians use it.

N E 40

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

These familiar words recall to the farmer and others interested, the unfortunate necessity of sometimes getting rid of Stock that is not otherwise salable on account of blemishes or imperfections. To improve upon this method, by showing how to restore your Stock to first-class condition, is the plan herewith presented. The signal benefit of the Great German Remedy to mankind very reasonably induced its application to the sufferings and ailments of the dumb creation, beginning with the Horse. People who tried it were more than surprised by its results, as attested in the speedy and permanent cure of their Stock, and they gladly announced their experience by word of mouth and by the public press, until to-day FARMERS and DEALERS, STOCKMEN and BREEDERS, as a country, are using Dr. JACOBS OIL with delight, satisfaction and profit. The mistake of thinking that anything is good enough for a Horse is made, by those who humanely regard the welfare of their faithful dumb creatures, and provide for their comfort with good food and shelter, and for their health by a constant supply of Dr. JACOBS OIL,—the safe and speedy relief for Diseases of Horses and Stock ever discovered. Whenever there appears any evidence whatsoever of disease or injury among Animals, they should have the best possible treatment, as it never pays to defer attention to Stock. Here, then, comes in the part of common prudence to use the surest curative means in the beginning. Every Stable, Farm and Stock-yard should be abundantly supplied with ST. JACOBS OIL, which is used and recommended by the best Horsemen in the country as an article which will relieve more promptly and certainly the ailments of and Injuries to Stock than any other remedy known. For Spavin, Ringbone, Wind-Gall, Fleshy Growths, Wounds and Lameness of all kinds, Poll-Evil, Splint, Swellings, Sprains, Fistula, Lameness, Stiffness, Cramps of the Muscle, Acute and Chronic Founder, Mange, Corns, Whitlows, Broken Knees, Cuts, Colic, Sore Throat, Distemper, and many other Diseases, especially Foot-Rot in Sheep, ST. JACOBS OIL affords instant relief and a sure cure, and costs but FIFTY CENTS. Pamphlets containing full directions for home treatment of diseases of domestic animals, sent upon application, by

THE A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md.

IN APRIL LAST,

Twenty-four members of the Arlington minstrels were taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It made them happy.

"Brethren in arms."—Male twins.

Vegetine

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully-selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of **Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Diseases, Canker, Pimples on the Face, Blotches on the Stomach,** and all diseases that arise from impure blood. **Sciatica, Inflammatory** and **Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout** and **Spinal Complaints** can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For **Ulcers** and **Eruptive Diseases** of the **Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead** and **Ringworm,** VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For **Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa,** arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and **General Debility,** VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For **Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness** and **General Prostration of the Nervous System,** no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all the organs and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by Vegetine have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families. In fact, Vegetine is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable **BLOOD PURIFIER** yet placed before the public.

A Card.

GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1880.

REV. MR. L. N. ST. ONGE,

Dear Sir,—Will you please state below what satisfaction St. Jacobs Oil gives you, which you got of us some time ago, and oblige LEGGETT & BUSH.

Very effective.—L. N. ST. ONGE.

The continuous brake.—The careless servant.

[Cleveland Leader.]

Mr. Orlando Weatherbee, says an exchange of ours, proprietor "The Spencer Pharmaty," Spencer, Mass., reports: My customers speak very highly of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. it having always given excellent satisfaction. One of them, Mr. Henry Belcher, has been greatly benefited by its use in a severe case of rheumatism, and he refers to it in terms of highest praise.

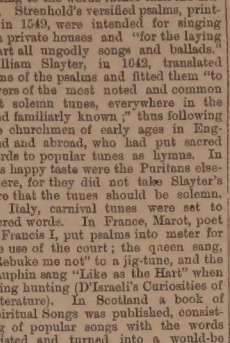
How to keep salmon fresh.—Don't catch them.

PAINES' FURNITURE Manufactory is now the great center for the trade. They also furnish private houses at manufacturers' price. Their stock is so large and well-selected that housekeepers can save much valuable time, and 10 to 15 per cent. The warerooms are at the manufactory, on Canal street, opposite the Boston and Maine depot in Boston.

The royal road to marriage.—Going to court.

EASILY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to the great disease conquerer, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

One always thinks he is in love when going up stairs; coming down he is not so sure of it.



(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

A STANDARD REMEDY
IN MANY HOMES.

For **Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis** and all other affections of the **THROAT** and **LUNGS,** it stands unrivaled and utterly beyond all competition.

IN CONSUMPTIVE CASES

It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL!
IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM!

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors,
CINCINNATI, O.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

On receipt of Thirty-five cents, I will mail you the best Photograph of President Garfield. A. K. LORING, 542 Washington St., Boston, opposite Boston Theater.

STALL FLOOR Unloading patent flooring is the cheapest and best for horses. The Onion Mfg. Co., 111 Washington Street, Boston. Stable Fixtures Just Free.

SALESMEN WANTED
LeClare & Muchemore, Boston.
Salary and Expenses Paid.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 50 cts. Sold by druggists. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

GUNS Rifles, Revolvers, Shot-Guns, Pistols and Ammunition, Selling, Fishing Tackle Catalogue free. James H. Johnston, Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. Samples Free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

$18.50 Made by an agent in one day. Send 10 cents for sample. Rev. T. S. BUCK, Lewisburgh, Pa.

LADIES! We are giving away Gold Hand French China Tea Sets with our Baking Powder. Send at once for circular to E. F. TWIST, Norwich, Conn.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—Cabinet size portrait, with tasteful mourning border, mailed on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. J. H. KEATING, Publisher, 30 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED.—Agents on our new crayon portrait of President Garfield; also, 8 x 10; sells at sight; sample for two 3-cent stamps. Address at once, American Art Pub. Co., 419 Washington St., Boston.

FARMS, 150 for Sale, Free, with Farm Farms cheap. Catalogue free. Address, Holmes Free. A. P. Garrison, Smyrna, Del.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD Catalogue of Eng. Literature, 17 pp. Lists sent free. Books at half price. Address, Publishers' Weekly, 13 Park Row, New York.

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